

The Tormented Lovers.

Maidens Lament their present State,
And count they meet with rigid Fate;
But e're they will their minds explain,
They'l dye of their Tormenting Pain.

a pleasant Play-house Tune, called, *Ob Love! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart.*



O Love! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart,
that owns thy power Divine,
That B'eds wth thy too cruel Dart;
Sea, Burns wth never ceasing smart;
take pittie now on mine:
Beneath the Shades, I fainting lye;
Ten Thousand times I wish to dye;
Yet when I find cold Death draw nigh,
I grieve to loose my pleasing pain,
and call my Wishes back again.

Thus I late musing all alone,
in the shady myrtle Grobe,
As to my self, I made a moan,
And every Echo gave a Moan;
came by the Man I Lov'd.
Oh! How I Grobe, my Griefs to hide.
I Wanted, Sigh'd, and almost Dy'd,
Yet did each tattling Echo chide;
for fear some Breath of moving Air,
Should to his Ears my Sorrows bear.

And now you Powers, I dye to gain,
but one poor parting Kiss;
Yet will endure th's deadly pain,
E're Ie one Wish or Thought retain,
that Honour thinks amiss.
Thus are poor Malis unkindly us'd,
By Love and Nature, both abus'd,
All kinds of Comforts are refus'd:
so; when we burn with secret Flame,
we blee our griefs, or dye with Shame.

Such Torments we poor Malis endure;
the like was never known,
In any former Age 'tis sure;
For can we hope to find a cure
which moves us thus to moan:
In secret places, where we lye,
Each Minute ready so; to dye;
And all in vain, so; help we cry.
For comfortless we still remain,
torur'd with grief, and wreacht with pain.

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O Ur Loves are comfortless to us,
except we them enjoy;
Who cause us so to languish thus:
Who'd think the want of one poor Kiss,
could Maidens thus annoy;
That night and day we should lament,
And waste away in discontent;
Our Follies still we do repent:
but 'tis in vain, for 'tis too late,
for to lament our rigid fate.

We must these Torments still endure,
except Men prove more kind;
Nought else to us can joy procure,
O; bring that Bliss which will endure,
as comfort to the mind.
Languishing thoughts do us consume,
And in the end will prove our doom;
Yea, bring each Maiden to her Tomb;
who can her Love no ways obtain,
but dies, because her Loves in vain.

What rigid fate is this we meet,
each hour of every day,
Whilst open their eyes are blest and sweet,
In e'ry part our Pulses beat,
and we consume away.
Where's Cupids court of equity,
For Ports say, it is should be;
But such a thing, I ne'er could see,
which forces me so to complain,
although I And 'tis all in vain.

Then let us bid this World farewell,
since we no joys can find.
Elizium will this place excell;
For this to us is present Hell,
tormenting every mind;
Who feels the smart of Cupids Bow,
Is wearied of her Life, I know
She doth Torments undergo,
and therefore will be free to part,
from this sad world, to ease her Heart.

Yet those who can their Loves enjoy,
thrice happy sure are they,
Nothing on Earth can them annoy;
What crosses can their Bliss destroy,
who surfeit every day.
Barguets of kisses do they taste;
Whilst we so want consume and waste:
Unto the Grave, then let us hast;
for Death must be our chiefest friend,
and put our Sorrows to an end.

Tormented Heart, then break and dye,
since I'm so slighted here;
In flames of fire, I scorch and fry,
And so shall do perpetually,
till I enjoy my dear;
Which if I never can obtain,
No hope to live, as all in vain;
For I with sorrow shall be slain;
yet freely will this World depart,
with a true Lovers Broken-Heart.